MYSTERIOUS
No. 16
THRILLING TALES OF SUSPENSE
10¢
MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES
OCT.
NO! YOU CAN'T OPERATE! I DON'T NEED AN OPERATION! I KNOW... I'M A DOCTOR!
YOU'RE NOT A DOCTOR! YOU'RE A FAKE! YOU OPERATED ON US... AND WE DIED!
OPERATING ROOM
CHILLING TALES OF HORROR!
NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO OPERATE!

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STARTLING COMICS
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
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MYSTERY Tales
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Famous Funnies
STRANGE WORLDS
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DARING ADVENTURES

DANCE to ROMANCE

LEARN TO DANCE IN ONLY 1 WEEK

Become An Expert Dancer in Just Minutes a Day!

Yes! You Dance a New Step Each Evening for 7 Days or

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

This new speed-method makes learning to dance so simple, quick and easy — you will amaze your friends in one single week! You'll be able to say "good-bye" to loneliness and "hello" to fun and romance. Of course, if you enjoy being a wallflower this easy, quick, self-teaching method is not for you. But, if you want to get out of your rut and start living — send for this Complete Dance Instruction Course on our DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! You have nothing to lose, and popularity and good times to gain, so act now! For your promptness, we include without extra charge, a wonderful book of Square Dances.

NOW— Start to DANCE Your Way to ROMANCE!

FOX-TROT RHUMBA
SAMBA CONGA
SQUARE DANCES
WALTZ LINDY TANGO
JITTERBUG

A picture of a dancing couple shows you each step and movement; easy follow-the-foot-print drawings for every step of each complete dance. Simple-to-read instructions. All together, this new speed-method makes it easy and quick to learn to dance.

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BONUS for PROMPTNESS

Act today — and for your promptness we send you, without extra charge, a complete book of Square Dances. So mail the coupon now!

COMPLETE COURSE of DANCE INSTRUCTION ONLY 1.98

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

You must learn to dance, in the privacy of your own home, in 7 days, or you may return the Complete Course of Dance Instruction for immediate refund of double your purchase price. The Bonus Book of Square Dances is yours to keep.

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MAIL DOUBLE REFUND COUPON NOW!

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Send, at once, the Complete Course of Dance Instruction. For my promptness, include the Book of Square Dances. On delivery, will pay postman just $1.98 plus postage. If not delighted and thrilled within 7 days, may return the Dance Course for REFUND OF DOUBLE THE PURCHASE PRICE. The Book of Square Dances is mine to keep.

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THIS *TANTALIZING* TALE OF *HORROR* WILL *SHOCK* YOU RIGHT DOWN TO THE *MARROW* OF YOUR *BONES!* IT'S A *HAPPY* LITTLE NARRATIVE OF *DEATH* AND *INTRIGUE* WE CALL ___ ___ ___

The ICE MAN COMETH

THE YEAR WAS 1926 AND THE PLACE A MEDIUM-SIZED TOWN IN NEW ENGLAND. IT ALL STARTED ON A HOT DAY IN AUGUST. . .

'AFTERNOON, MRS. BASCOM! GOT YOUR ICE HERE FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT... BRING IT IN! BUT FOR GOD'S SAKE... TRY TO KEEP THE PANTRY FLOOR CLEAN!

M MFG. CO.

LILLIAN BASCOM WATCHED AS THE ICEMAN BROUGHT IN A DOZEN BLOCKS OF ICE. FROM EACH ONE, A RIVULET OF WATER DRIPPED TO THE FLOOR. . .

YOU STUPID IDIOT! LOOK AT THE MUD YOU MADE STEPPING INTO THAT WATER! YOU'VE RUINED MY FLOOR!

SORRY, M'AM! IT'S HOT OUT THERE... I CAN'T STOP THE ICE FROM MELTIN'!

THAT NIGHT, LILLIAN AND HER HUSBAND RESUMED A FAMILIAR ARGUEMENT...

HE MADE A DISGUSTING MESS/ AND I HAD TO MOP IT UP/ HOW MUCH LONGER DO I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS?

BUT, LILLIAN, DEAR... THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO/

OH, YES, THERE IS/ RIP OUT THAT MISERABLE ICEBOX AND GET ME AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR!

ARE YOU STILL NAGGING ME ABOUT THAT? FOR GOD'S SAKE... YOU KNOW HOW BAD BUSINESS IS/ I CAN'T RISK IT/

WHY NOT? THIS IS 1926/ ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS ARE HERE TO STAY/ EVEN THE POOR PEOPLE ARE BUYING THEM/

AND THAT'S WHY MY BUSINESS IS GOING TO POT/ I CAN'T SELL ICE WHEN PEOPLE DON'T NEED IT ANYMORE/

HENRY P. BASCOM OWNED AND OPERATED THE ONLY ICE PLANT IN TOWN. EVERYBODY NEEDED HENRY... UNTIL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS CAME ALONG...

WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY IF I PUT ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION IN MY HOME? I'D LOSE ALL MY BUSINESS IN NO TIME FLAT!

BUT LILLIAN WASN'T TO BE QUIETED. THEY ARGUED RIGHT THROUGH DINNER...

WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT? I'VE GIVEN YOU A GOOD HOME ... CLOTHES... JEWELRY... ENTERTAINMENT..

THAT WAS BEFORE BUSINESS GOT BAD/ WHAT HAVE YOU DONE LATELY, ... NOTHING/

AND THEY ARGUED AFTER DINNER...

ICE OR NO ICE, I'M SICK OF IT/ I'M YOUNG/ I DON'T INTEND TO ROT HERE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, KEEP QUIET/ YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP YOUR ICEBOX AND LIKE IT/

AND THEY ARGUED UNTIL THEY WENT TO BED...

YOU'RE STANDING STILL WHILE THE REST OF THE WORLD GOES BY/ AND DON'T SEND THAT SLOPPY FOOL TO DELIVER ICE ANYMORE... SEND A MAN!

ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT/ I'LL SEND A NEW MAN/ NOW, GO TO BED!

HENRY KEPT HIS WORD, AND THE FOLLOWING DAY...

MORNIN'/ I'M WALTER... NEW ICEMAN/ SAY... NOBODY TOLD ME BASCOM HAD SUCH A GOOD-LOOKING MAID!

THE MAID'S UPSTAIRS/ I'M MRS. BASCOM/

HE WAS YOUNG... STRONG... HANDSOME/ LILLIAN LIKED HIS SMILE... AND THE WAY HE LOOKED HER OVER...

THE BOSS' WIFE... EH? WELL... THE COMPLIMENT STILL GOES/ WHERE'LL I PUT THE ICE?

RIGHT OVER THERE/

HE WAS FRESH, TOO... BUT LILLIAN DIDN'T MIND. WALTER WENT OUT AND CAME IN AGAIN WITH ANOTHER BLOCK OF ICE...

SORRY THE ICE IS DRIPPIN', M'AM/ IT'S PRETTY WARM OUTSIDE. I'LL CLEAN UP THE MESS/

OH, THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT/

WHEN WALTER FINISHED WITH THE ICE, LILLIAN THREW A DRY RAG ON THE FLOOR. THEY BOTH STOOPED AT THE SAME TIME AND THEIR HANDS MET...

I'LL DO IT, M'AM/

LILLIAN IS MY NAME... WALTER/

WALTER'S TOUCH WAS EXCITING. AND THERE WAS NOTHING BACKWARD ABOUT HIS MANNER...

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO LIKE MY NEW ROUTE... ESPECIALLY COMING HERE/

AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO LIKE SEEING YOU/.

THAT'S HOW IT ALL STARTED. LILLIAN FOUND A MAN WHO THRILLED HER AS HENRY NEVER COULD AND WALTER HAD FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR TOO. IN LESS THAN A WEEK...

WALTER, I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU/

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO, BABY/

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, HENRY NOTICED THAT LILLIAN STOPPED NAGGING HIM FOR AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR. HE NEVER REALIZED WHY...

HOW'S THE NEW ICEMAN, LILLIAN? SATISFIED WITH HIS WORK?

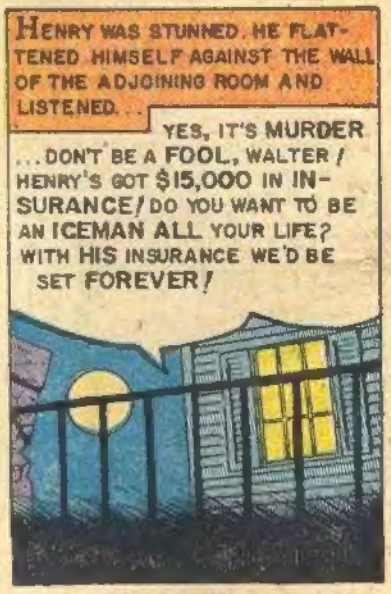
YES, HENRY, COMPLETELY SATISFIED/

LILLIAN AND WALTER CONTINUED THEIR CLANDESTINE RELATIONSHIP FOR MONTHS... AND THEN WALTER GREW IMPATIENT...
BUT WHY WON'T YOU DIVORCE HIM? YOU LOVE ME AND...
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, WALTER! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A DIME! HENRY'S BUSINESS MAY BE BAD... BUT IT'S NOT THAT BAD!

SURE, HONEY, I LOVE YOU, I ONLY MARRIED HENRY FOR HIS MONEY... BUT YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO GIVE IT UP, WOULD YOU?
NO, BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY!

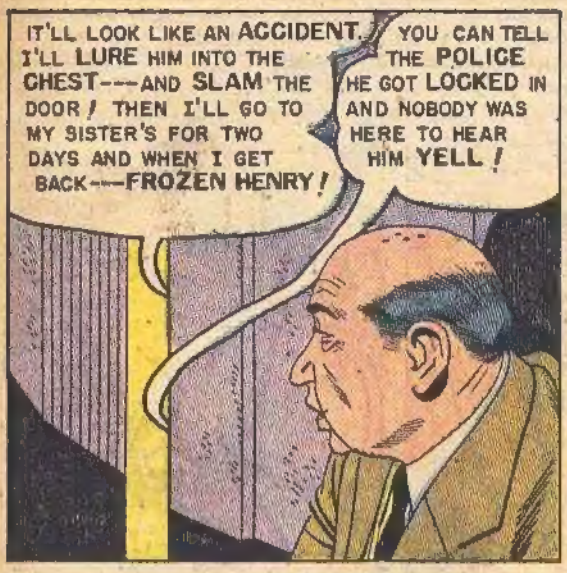
THAT NIGHT AS HENRY WALKED HOME HE FELT PRETTY LOW. HIS BUSINESS WAS SHRINKING TO NOTHING AND THE FUTURE LOOKED GRIM...
REFRIGERATORS! BAH! THEY'RE RUINING--- HEY... WHAT'S WALTER DOING AT MY HOUSE AT THIS TIME OF DAY!

HENRY QUIETLY SLIPPED IN THE FRONT DOOR AND TIPTOED THROUGH THE HOUSE TOWARD THE PANTRY...
LILLIAN AND WALTER!
BUT, LILLIAN... THAT'S MURDER!

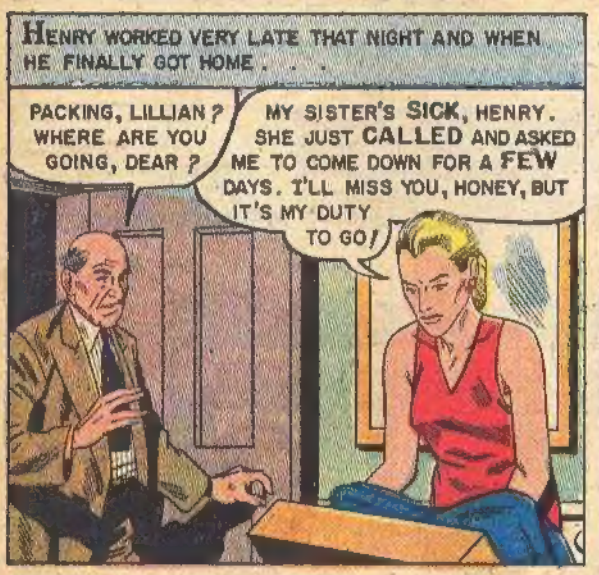

HENRY WAS STUNNED. HE FLATTENED HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL OF THE ADJOINING ROOM AND LISTENED...
YES, IT'S MURDER ...DON'T BE A FOOL, WALTER! HENRY'S GOT $15,000 IN INSURANCE! DO YOU WANT TO BE AN ICEMAN ALL YOUR LIFE? WITH HIS INSURANCE WE'D BE SET FOREVER!

YEAH, SURE, SURE... BUT HOW, HONEY? $15,000 IS SWELL... BUT I DON'T WANT TO HANG FOR IT!
DON'T WORRY, DARLING. LITTLE LILLIAN'S GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT!

IT'S NEAT AND SIMPLE! THE ICE CHEST IN THE KITCHEN HAS NO SAFETY CATCH... WHAT IF POOR, SWEET HENRY WERE TO GET LOCKED INSIDE?
PERFECT, BABY! HE'D FREEZE TO DEATH!


IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT. I'LL LURE HIM INTO THE CHEST---AND SLAM THE DOOR! THEN I'LL GO TO MY SISTER'S FOR TWO DAYS AND WHEN I GET BACK---FROZEN HENRY!
YOU CAN TELL THE POLICE HE GOT LOCKED IN AND NOBODY WAS HERE TO HEAR HIM YELL!

HENRY HAD HEARD ENOUGH. HE LEFT BY THE BACK DOOR AND WENT FOR A WALK. TWO DAYS PASSED BEFORE HE CALLED WALTER INTO HIS OFFICE . . .
WALTER, I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND WORKING LATE TONIGHT? I'VE GOT A SPECIAL JOB IN THE ICE HOUSE!
SURE, MR. BASCOM! I'LL BE GLAD TO!
WHY NOT? NO SENSE LETTING THE OLD GOAT GET SUSPICIOUS.


HENRY WORKED VERY LATE THAT NIGHT AND WHEN HE FINALLY GOT HOME . . .
PACKING, LILLIAN? WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DEAR?
MY SISTER'S SICK, HENRY. SHE JUST CALLED AND ASKED ME TO COME DOWN FOR A FEW DAYS. I'LL MISS YOU, HONEY, BUT IT'S MY DUTY TO GO!

LILLIAN RETIRED A SHORT TIME LATER BUT HENRY STAYED UP FAR INTO THE NIGHT. THE FOLLOWING MORNING . . .
OH, HENRY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU. SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE ICE CHEST! THE ICE HAS BEEN MELTING! YOU BETTER LOOK AT IT BEFORE I LEAVE!
CERTAINLY, MY SWEET!

HENRY STEPPED INTO THE ICE CHEST AND LILLIAN QUICKLY SWUNG THE BIG DOOR SHUT . . .
SO LONG, MY DEAR HUSBAND! THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A FAT ICE CREAM CONE! HA HA HA!

LILLIAN MADE SURE SHE WAS SEEN LEAVING TOWN . . .
ROUND TRIP TO CHICAGO? GOING TO SEE YOUR SISTER, EH? CHILLY DAY AIN'T IT, MRS. BASCOM?
YES, ISN'T IT!
AND IT'S EVEN COLDER FOR SOME PEOPLE!
TICKETS

AND LILLIAN MADE SURE THAT SHE WAS SEEN RETURNING TOO. HER ALIBI WAS PERFECT . . .
HOWDY, MRS. BASCOM! HAVE A NICE TRIP?
FINE, MR. HOWARD. MY SISTER WASN'T WELL BUT SHE'S MUCH BETTER NOW.
5

WHEN SHE GOT HOME LILLIAN IMMEDIATELY WENT TO THE PANTRY AND TUGGED AT THE HANDLE OF THE ICE CHEST DOOR...
UGH! HE'S PROBABLY A MESS BY NOW! I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE AND THEN ARRANGE THE FUNERAL.
THE HEAVY DOOR BEGIN TO SWING OPEN...
IT'LL BE AT LEAST TWO WEEKS BEFORE I DARE CONTACT WALTER. THE POOR DARLING IS PROBABLY A NERVOUS WRECK WAITING FOR...
LILLIAN SWUNG THE DOOR WIDE OPEN AND LOOKED IN...
AAAA

Amazing New!

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Have you had the common bra problem—comfort but not support . . . or fit, but not comfort? Then here is the "bra" for you! Proper fit, correct support, complete comfort and a lovely bosom line—all in one brassiere and at a remarkably low price.

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You risk nothing. Order today. Wear your "Young Form" Bra for 10 days. If you are not simply delighted just return it for a refund. Bust sizes 34-44....$2.98. Sizes 46-56....$3.98.

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836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Send me my "Young Form" bra by return mail. If I am not 100% delighted after 10 days FREE TRIAL I may return it for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

How many_____ Bust size_____ Cup_____

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

Name_____

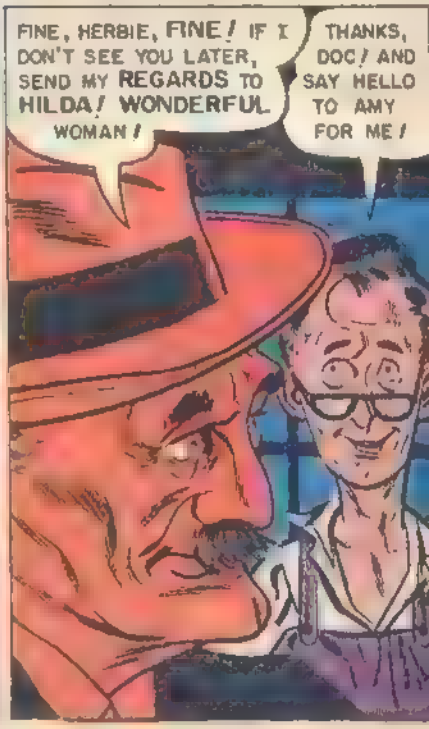
Address_____

KEEP YOUR DROOL BIBS HANDY, KIDDIES, AS YOU READ THIS REVOLTING TALE OF MURDER AND INTRIGUE! IT'S AN EXCITING LITTLE SAGA WE LAUGHINGLY CALL .

A POUND of FLESH

YOUR NAME IS HERBERT PHILLIPS AND YOU'RE THE OWNER OF A SMALL GARAGE LOCATED IN THE MID-WEST. YOU'VE LIVED IN THIS TOWN FOR THIRTY YEARS AND YOU LOVE IT. IT'S YOUR HOME . .

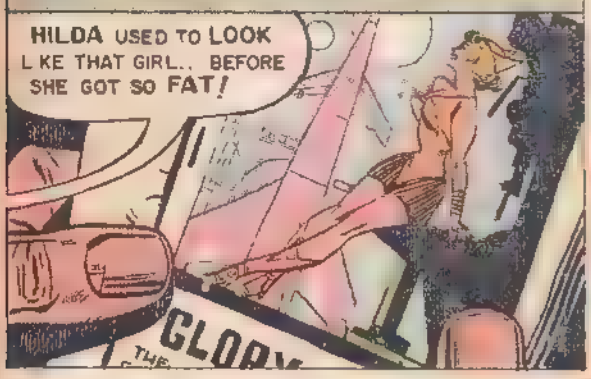
YES, HERBERT, YOU LOVE NASHTON. YOU KNOW EVERYONE AND EVERYONE KNOWS YOU



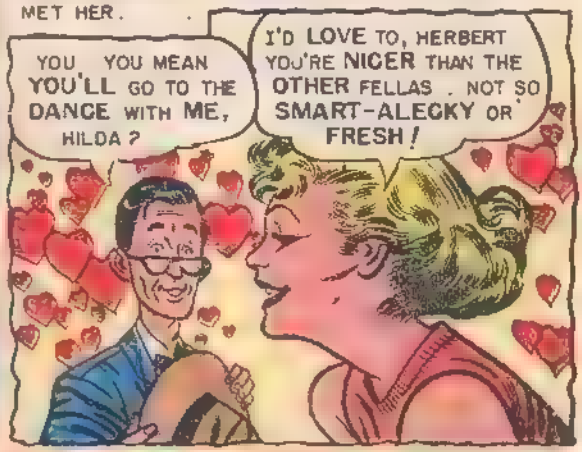
AFTER DOC REID LEAVES YOU SUDDENLY FEEL DEPRESSED, DON'T YOU, HERBERT? COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE REFERENCE TO YOUR WIFE? HILDA HAS BEEN GETTING UNDER YOUR SKIN LATELY, HASN'T SHE? YOU THINK ABOUT IT ON YOUR WAY HOME FROM WORK THAT NIGHT.

YOU MAKE YOUR WAY INTO THE HOUSE AND THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM OUT TO THE KITCHEN. THERE, AS ALWAYS, IS HILDA . . .

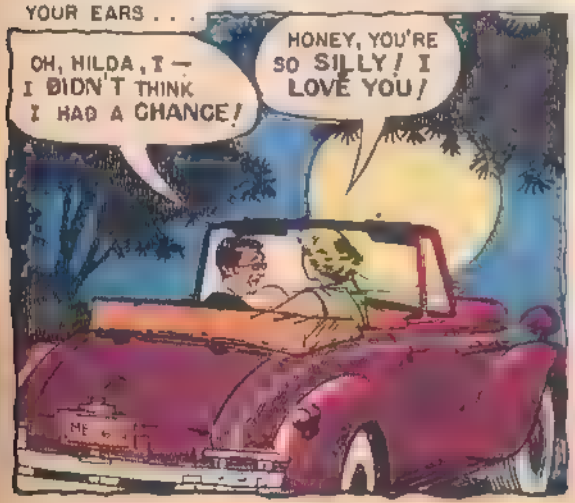
YOU RETIRE TO THE LIVING ROOM AND TRY TO CALM YOURSELF BY READING A NEW SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINE. YOU LOVE SCIENCE-FICTION, DON'T YOU, HERBERT? IT HELPS YOU ESCAPE FROM HILDA AND THE FILTHY HOME YOU'RE FORCED TO LIVE IN.



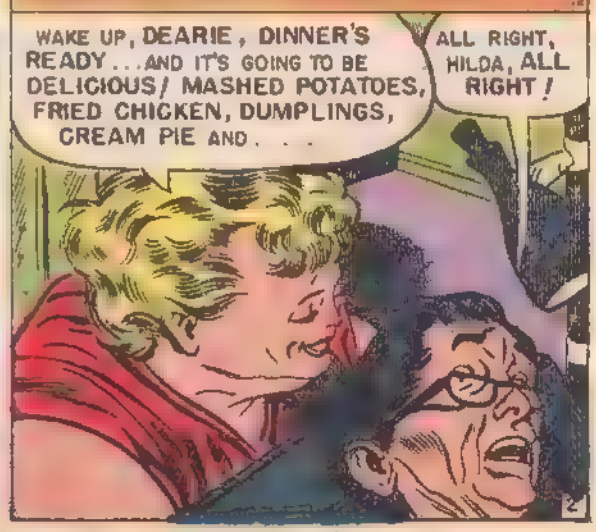
AS YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURE IN THE MAGAZINE YOU REMEMBER HILDA AS SHE WAS WHEN YOU FIRST MET HER.

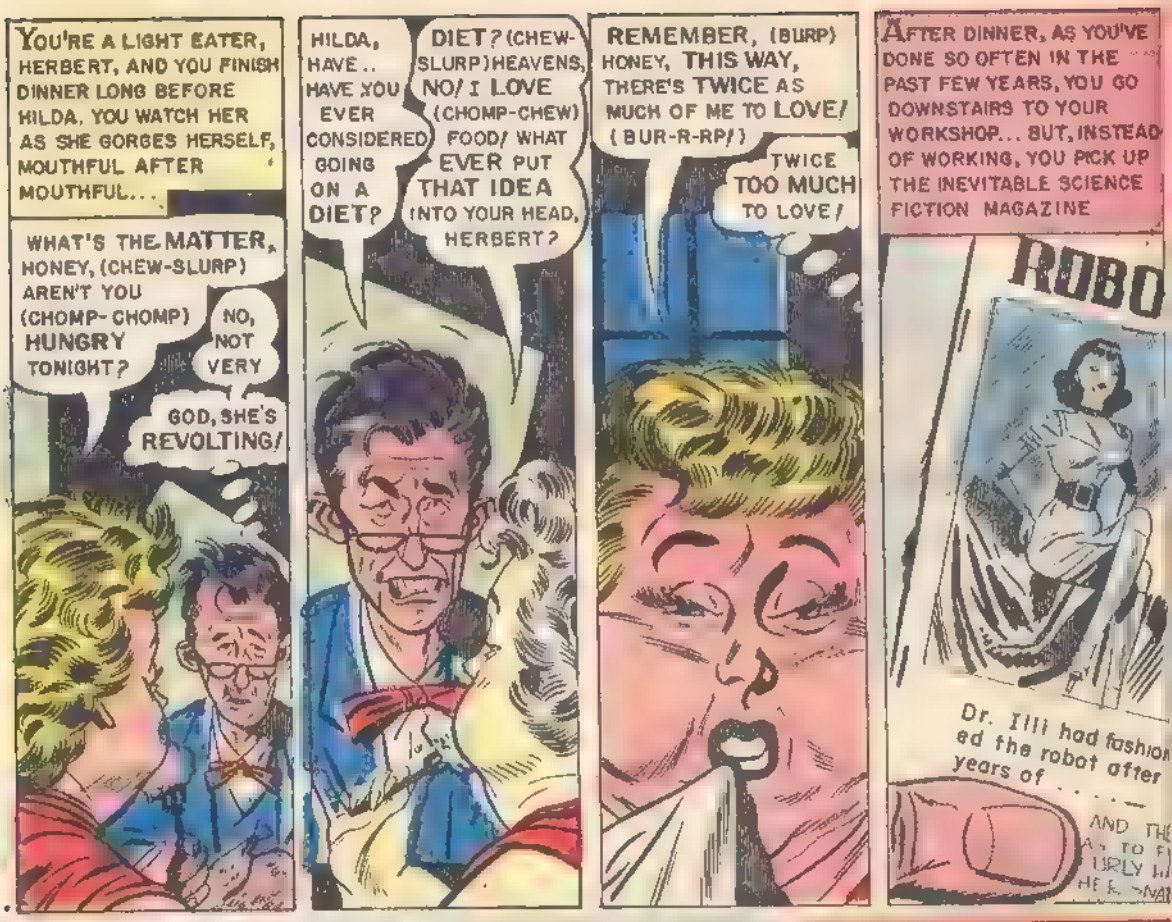


YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE A LUCKY FELLOW IN THOSE DAYS, DIDN'T YOU, HERBERT? WHEN HILDA SAID SHE'D MARRY YOU, YOU COULD HARDLY BELIEVE YOUR EARS . . .

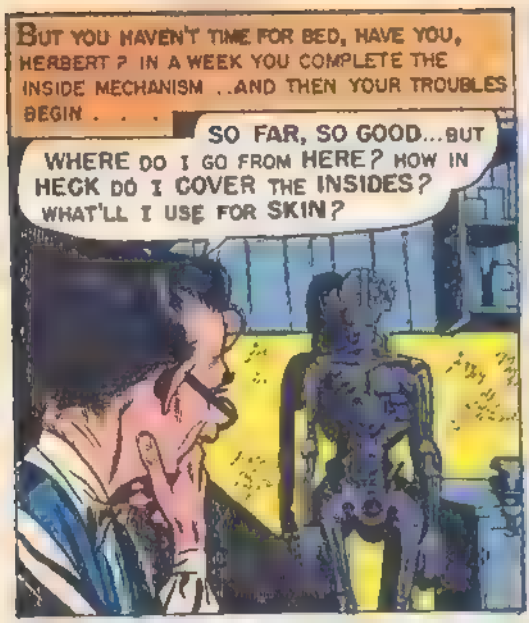


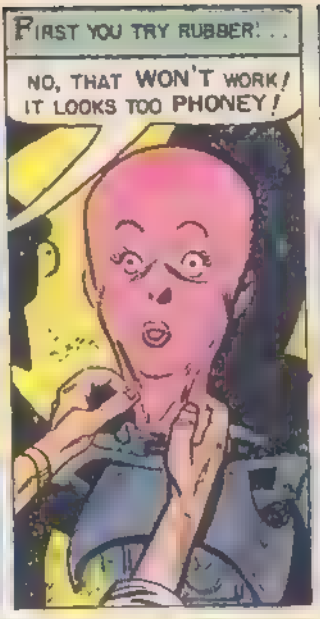
BUT THAT WAS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO AND THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THEN. .ESPECIALLY HILDA. . .



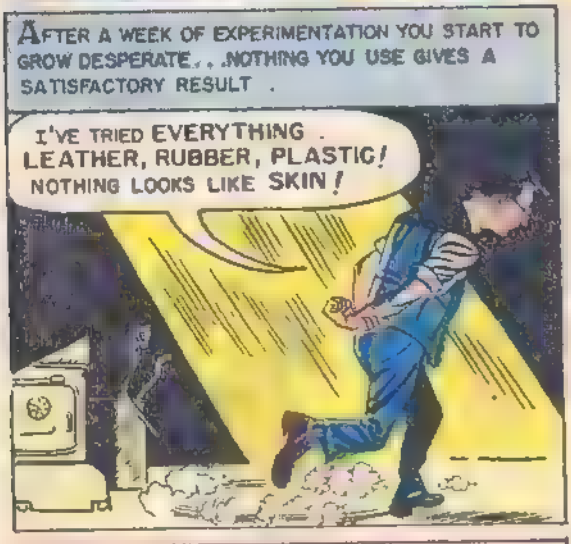

YOU'RE A LIGHT EATER, HERBERT, AND YOU FINISH DINNER LONG BEFORE HILDA. YOU WATCH HER AS SHE GORGES HERSELF, MOUTHFUL AFTER MOUTHFUL...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY, (CHEW-SLURP) AREN'T YOU (CHOMP-CHOMP) HUNGRY TONIGHT?
NO, NOT VERY
GOD, SHE'S REVOLTING!
HILDA, HAVE.. HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED GOING ON A DIET?
DIET? (CHEW-SLURP) HEAVENS, NO! I LOVE (CHOMP-CHEW) FOOD! WHAT EVER PUT THAT IDEA INTO YOUR HEAD, HERBERT?
REMEMBER, (BURP) HONEY, THIS WAY, THERE'S TWICE AS MUCH OF ME TO LOVE! (BUR-R-RP!)
TWICE TOO MUCH TO LOVE!
AFTER DINNER, AS YOU'VE DONE SO OFTEN IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, YOU GO DOWNSTAIRS TO YOUR WORKSHOP... BUT, INSTEAD OF WORKING, YOU PICK UP THE INEVITABLE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE
ROBO
Dr. Illi had fashion
ed the robot after
years of . . . .
AND THE
YOU READ LATE INTO THE EVENING, AVOIDING ALL CONTACT WITH HILDA ...AND THEN YOU FALL ASLEEP IN THE EASY CHAIR YOU'VE MOVED INTO THE WORKSHOP..
DARLING BOY, WAKE-UP! YOU'VE FALLEN SOUND ASLEEP READING THOSE SILLY MAGAZINES!
HUH? WH...
THE PRESSURE OF HILDA'S 200 POUNDS CRASHING DOWN ONTO YOUR LAP AWAKENS YOU IMMEDIATELY AND YOU FIND YOURSELF STARING UP INTO HER GROSS OBESE FACE...
HILDA, (GROAN) FOR GOD'S SAKE, YOU'RE CRUSHING ME!
AS SHE TRIES TO KISS YOU, YOU FEEL YOURSELF GETTING SICK-AT-YOUR-STOMACH...YOU CAN'T BEAR TO HAVE HER NEAR YOU
HERBERT, YOU'RE SUCH A CARD! NOW KISS ME, DEAR BOY! TEEHEEHE!
NO! LET ME UP, HILDA!

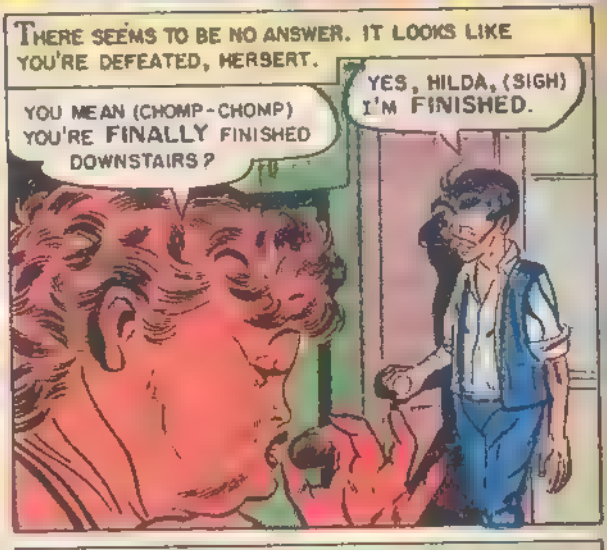
YOU HURRY UPSTAIRS AND QUICKLY GET INTO BED...BUT YOU CAN'T SLEEP, CAN YOU, HERBERT? YOU LAY THERE FOR HOURS WHILE HILDA SNORES LOUDLY AT YOUR SIDE . . .
SNORE SNZZZZ..
SHE'S ALMOST LIKE--LIKE AN ANIMAL!
WHEN YOU FINALLY FALL INTO A TROUBLED SLEEP IT'S ALMOST DAYBREAK. YOU TOSS RESTLESSLY, DREAMS EXPLODING FROM YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS...
HILDA! HONEY, YOU'VE CHANGED ...YOU LOOK LIKE YOU USED TO!
OF COURSE, DARLING! DIDN'T YOU WANT ME TO?
IT'S A WONDERFUL DREAM, ISN'T IT, HERBERT? YOU TAKE HILDA INTO YOUR ARMS AND KISS HER... KISS HER AS YOU HAVE NOT DONE IN TEN YEARS...
BUT THEN THE DREAM CHANGES...IN FACT, IT'S NO LONGER A DREAM... IT'S A NIGHTMARE!
TEE HEE.. TEE HEE! DON'T RUN AWAY, HERBERT! I LOVE YOU! TEE HEE... TEE HEE!
GET AWAY FROM ME! DON'T COME NEAR ME!
YOU AWAKEN IN A COLD SWEAT, YOUR [redacted] AND RAW. AND THEN IT HITS YOU... AN IDEA! AN IDEA WHICH WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE!
THAT'S IT! OF COURSE! I'LL DO IT! I'LL MAKE HER JUST LIKE SHE WAS BEFORE!
YES, HERBERT, YOU DECIDE TO MAKE A ROBOT! A ROBOT THAT LOOKS LIKE HILDA DID 15 YEARS AGO! AT FIRST IT SOUNDS CRAZY...BUT WHAT THE HECK, YOU'RE A TOP MECHANIC! IF IT CAN BE DONE, YOU ARE THE MAN TO DO IT!
CALL THE GARAGE AND TELL THEM I WON'T BE IN TODAY, HILDA! I'LL BE IN THE WORKSHOP IF YOU WANT ME!
SURE (CHEW--SLURP), HONEY!
THIS IS TO BE YOUR WORK OF ART, HERBERT... YOUR MASTERPIECE. IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW YOU FORGET EVERYTHING BUT YOUR "CREATION".
HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, HERBERT! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO BED IN TWO NIGHTS NOW!


BUT YOU HAVEN'T TIME FOR BED, HAVE YOU, HERBERT? IN A WEEK YOU COMPLETE THE INSIDE MECHANISM ..AND THEN YOUR TROUBLES BEGIN . . .
SO FAR, SO GOOD...BUT WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE? HOW IN HECK DO I COVER THE INSIDES? WHAT'LL I USE FOR SKIN?

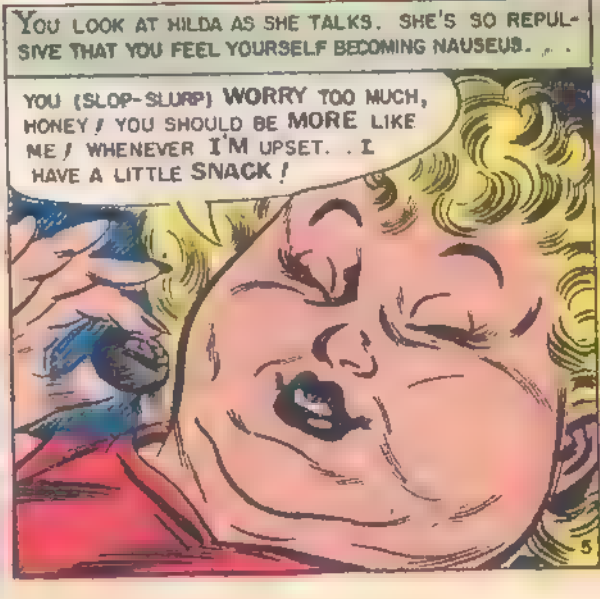

FIRST YOU TRY RUBBER. . .
NO, THAT WON'T WORK! IT LOOKS TOO PHONEY!

THEN YOU TRY A PLASTIC COMPOUND . . .
NUTS! THIS STUFF IS TOO THICK! EVERYTIME SHE MOVED THE SKIN WOULD CRACK WIDE-OPEN!


AFTER A WEEK OF EXPERIMENTATION YOU START TO GROW DESPERATE. . .NOTHING YOU USE GIVES A SATISFACTORY RESULT .
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING . LEATHER, RUBBER, PLASTIC! NOTHING LOOKS LIKE SKIN!


THERE SEEMS TO BE NO ANSWER. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DEFEATED, HERBERT.
YOU MEAN (CHOMP-CHOMP) YOU'RE FINALLY FINISHED DOWNSTAIRS?
YES, HILDA, (SIGH) I'M FINISHED.

YOU TRY TO FORGET THE WHOLE IDEA. BUT IT WON'T GO AWAY. IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND, IT'S ALWAYS THERE. . .NAGGING AT YOU, TAUNTING YOU
MAYBE OILCLOTH MIGHT DO IT. IF I..
HERBERT PHILLIPS, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU'VE BEEN MUTTERING ALL NIGHT!


YOU LOOK AT HILDA AS SHE TALKS. SHE'S SO REPULSIVE THAT YOU FEEL YOURSELF BECOMING NAUSEUS. . .
YOU (SLOP-SLURP) WORRY TOO MUCH, HONEY! YOU SHOULD BE MORE LIKE ME! WHENEVER I'M UPSET. . I HAVE A LITTLE SNACK!

FINALLY, IN SHEER DESPERATION, YOU TELL HILDA ABOUT THE ROBOT. MAYBE, IF SHE KNOWS HOW MISERABLE YOU ARE OVER HER WEIGHT, SHE'LL GO ON A DIET . .
IT—IT ISN'T THAT I DON'T LOVE YOU, DEAR IT'S JUST THAT. . .
OH, HERBERT, YOU SILLY LAMB/ IMAGINE, GOING TO ALL THAT BOTHER/
WHY, TEE HEE, TEE HEE, YOU'RE CRAZY/ A ROBOT/ TEE HEE, TEE HEE/ TOO BAD, DARLING, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME THE WAY I AM/ DIET... NEVER/ TEE HEE, TEE HEE!
YOU WATCH HER AS SHE SITS THERE, HER MOUNTAINS OF FLESH DOUBLED TOGETHER IN LAUGHTER.. SUDDENLY YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN STAND IT NO LONGER
YOU FAT SLOB/ IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LIVE LIKE THIS FOREVER, YOU'RE CRAZY/
NOW, HERBERT, CALM DOWN/ YOU'RE
ALL THE TENSIONS AND HATREDS OF THE LAST MONTH FINALLY EXPLODE WITHIN YOU. YOU'RE LIKE A MADMAN, HERBERT. . .
YOU MAKE ME SICK, DO YOU HEAR? SICK ...SICK... SICK!
HERBERT! PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN! S-STOP IT!
BUT BY NOW NOTHING CAN STOP YOU..THERE'S MURDER IN YOUR HEART, HERBERT. . .
YOU'VE STUFFED THE LAST CHOCOLATE INTO THAT BIG MOUTH, HILDA/ NO MORE SUNDAES...NO MORE CAKES ...NO MORE ANYTHING!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T... DON'T...
THE KNIFE RISES AND FALLS...RISES AND FALLS .
..AND THEN THE ROOM IS SILENT . AND CRUMPLED IN A HEAP AT YOUR FEET IS HILDA...
D-DEAR GOD, W-WHAT HAVE I DONE? SHE ... SHE'S DEAD/

YOU'RE ALMOST FROZEN WITH TERROR, AREN'T YOU, HERBERT? AFTER ALL, MURDER IS NOTHING TO SNEER AT! YOU DRAG HILDA'S BODY DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS AND INTO THE WORK SHOP...
I'LL TELL EVERYBODY SHE WENT TO VISIT HER MOTHER UNEXPECTEDLY.
AND NO ONE QUESTIONS YOUR STORY. WHY SHOULD THEY? ISN'T IT PERFECTLY NATURAL FOR A GIRL TO VISIT HER MOTHER...?
SO YOU'RE A BACHELOR FOR AWHILE, EH, HERB? YOU'LL HAVE TO COME UP TO THE HOUSE FOR DINNER.
THANKS, DOC, I'D LIKE TO! AMY'S A FINE COOK!
EVERY NIGHT, LONG AFTER MOST OF NASHTON'S CITIZENRY HAS RETIRED, YOU WORK LATE IN THE BASEMENT. .
IT IS NOW TWO WEEKS LATER, AND AT LAST, ALL IS READY...YOU INVITE DOCTOR REID AND HIS WIFE TO DINNER...
COME ON IN, DOC! GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, AMY! YOU PEOPLE WERE SO SWELL TO ME WHILE HILDA WAS GONE, THAT I WANTED TO REPAY YOUR KINDNESS!
I DIDN'T KNOW HILDA WAS BACK!
SHE GOT IN LATE LAST NIGHT. HILDA, HONEY, COME SAY HELLO TO DOC AND AMY!
WHY, HILDA, YOU LOOK MARVELOUS! THAT TRIP DID WONDERS FOR YOU!
MY DEAR, YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER! YOU MUST HAVE LOST AT LEAST 70 POUNDS!
AND SO YOUR EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS, HERBERT. IT WAS SO SIMPLE, WASN'T IT? ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS SKIN HILDA AND DO A NEAT LITTLE SEWING JOB .. YOUR ROBOT IS PERFECT!
THE END

SHOT BY A CORPSE

By ELLEN LYNN

I AM a racketeer's moll. And I am glad of it. When King Farrell picked me up in his long, cream-colored convertible I recognized him at once. His picture is always in the papers in connection with the most spectacular capers, but he always establishes an alibi. I was pretty desperate the day I was walking through the park alone and broke and heartsick when King drove up in his snappy car and offered me a lift. His hard handsome face showed that conceited smile that grinned out of all his pictures. I got in beside him and looked into his eyes.

"Where you goin', beautiful?" he asked.

"I was going for a walk," I answered, "but I was getting tired. You can drop me off at the end of the park."

"How about a drink—or how does the upper-crust say it—shall we drop in for cocktails?" He laughed out loud at his own humor.

Well, that's how it all began—and now I'm on the inside of the workings of a powerful gang whose leader, King Farrell, is my man. In a year's time I was known as "the Queen,"—because most of the biggest jobs we pulled were my babies. I conceived big capers that had even our boys gasping.

One day King came to my apartment, where he had set me up in royal style, and he was unusually silent. "What are you staring at me for?" I asked him. "I was thinkin'," he answered, "that you're not only beautiful, you're smart. Fact is, you're almost as much boss of this gang as I am. The boys listen to you—and obey your orders. But . . . you're goin' too far lately. Too many chances. Now this kidnapping, f'r instance—you've got a wonderful scheme worked out and we stand to get a pile of jack—but ya know for a perfect job we'll have to murder the kid—and ya know how the public feels about kids. Well, it's dynamite and I'm for dropping the whole idea..."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," I flared up. "We've pulled riskier jobs than this one and are still sitting pretty. The way I've got the thing figured we'll get rid of the kid after we collect the ransom and they'll still never be able to tag us. We've done it before—and we can do it again."

"You're really marvelous, Queen," he said. "I should knock you down and keep you there—just my moll. A dame shouldn't be giving orders. But I got ya under my skin an' I'm willing to lissen to your ideas."

"If I weren't crazy about you, I'd throw you out."

"Then pull off the snatch, honey—just as I outlined it. The Grahams are so nuts about their kid, and have such a heap of dough—they'll pay up in a jiffy. We'll never get caught, you can depend on me," I pressed my advantage.

"Okay—okay," King said. "But for such a gorgeous dame you certainly have tough guts. Even in our business da womin usually likes kids—but not you! No mother-love in ya, is dere?"

King left. And just in time, too, I suddenly felt my knees give way and had to sit down. "No mother-love," he said.

Then I thought of Dickie. He was three when they took him from me. My little boy—my son! All my childhood had been poor, unhappy, wretched. My father was always jobless and drunk. My mother worked for us kids—hard, too. She finally died of TB. When Jack Richter came along and gave me love and kindness (I was fifteen), I turned to him gratefully and came to love him. He told me he'd marry me as soon as he transferred his business affairs to New York and could settle there permanently. Meanwhile he took me to live in a bright, clean apartment. It was a new and happy life for me—the first brightness I had ever known. When I knew a baby was coming I was frightened, at first, but one sight of my little son and all my fears were gone. I felt there was nothing I wouldn't do to bring up my little boy in a clean, happy life.

But my little shiny world collapsed around my head. Jack was married. He never told me. His wife smeared the scandal over all the papers. The stories about me were disgusting, horrible. In the end they took Dickie away from me. I wanted to die. But when my little, three-year-old son, Dickie, died six months later I wanted to live. To live for revenge. I wanted to make others suffer as the world made me suffer.

Suddenly I jumped up from the chair where I was moping over the past. "Such stupidity," I said out loud. "All that's in the past—it was all finished five years ago! No more of this sob-stuff."

I felt strong again and felt sure the boys were pulling off the kidnap job as I had planned. It couldn't go wrong.

Footsteps hurried along the hall, stopping at my door. King and two of the boys came in. Joey was carrying the limp form of a little boy—Bruce Graham.

"How did it go?" I asked eagerly. "Any hitches?"

Joey dropped little Bruce on the sofa. King stared at me. Then he said, "You planned it like a general, Queen. It was a cinch."

"I see the kid's still out. Did ya give him the amount of the drug I said?" I asked.

"He'll be all right," King replied. "There, he's startin' to come to."

"Get him out of here," I ordered. "Let Joey take him to his place."

"No—you gotta keep him here," King informed me. "A dame can keep a kid happy. Ya won't have to tie him up—or gag him if you kid him along. It'll be less trouble that way."

"I've got no time for kids—let someone else do it," I argued.

"Only a smart dame can handle a kid. Better let him stay here till we get the ransom dough."

When the boys left me alone with little Bruce I felt angry—but the child began to whimper and I realized I'd better start inventing a story to keep him quiet. It wasn't hard to comfort him. He was an affectionate kid and he clung to me and quieted down.

We had given the Grahams forty-eight hours to raise the ransom price of one hundred grand. They agreed, if the kidnappers would give them tangible evidence that little Bruce was really in their hands. I had the boys send the Grahams the undershirt Bruce was wearing under his pajamas. While we waited I went out to shop for some clothes for the child. There was a moment of weakness when I looked at the small sweaters and suits, the little brown shoes and socks, in the store. I remembered how I loved buying those things for my own Dickie. But Dickie was now being avenged, and another little boy would have to give his life to pay for the life people took from me.

I also brought Bruce some toys to keep him occupied. He was a sweet kid, I have to admit. He played for hours and seemed to be satisfied with me around in place of his mommy.

But the waiting period was getting King nervous. He'd come around a dozen times during the day. Finally he burst out, "We gotta get rid of the kid right away. We can't wait for the dough. We're gettin' too hot with the kid around. Get him ready."

"You're nuts," I sneered. "We may need him alive before we get the money—and the dough's practically in our hands. Just a few more hours!"

We had a hot argument. King was scared and wanted to be rid of Bruce. He accused me of going soft on the kid. "You'll have a long wait before you find me going soft," I retorted. "All I want is to be sure we get all that money. The kid and his mother don't bother me at all."

An hour later King had to admit I was right after all. The Grahams informed us the money was ready and they'd follow instructions, if we could assure them little Bruce was alive. I thought of making a record of Bruce's sounds at play. It came out very clear—Bruce's happy little voice talking to the stuffed dog I bought him, and calling me a few times: "Queenie—Bruce wants cookie." And, "When mommy coming home to Bruce?" The record was sent cleverly to the Grahams.

"That'll do it!" I said elatedly. "One sound of their Bruce's voice and the money will be in our hands the next hour."

"I guess you're right, Queen. You're a smart dame. Now get the kid ready—we gotta do the dirty work right away." King started to put on his coat.

"What's the rush?" I asked. "Let's see this thing through. Let's at least wait for the dough."

"This time you're nuts," King replied. "That Bruce is a smart kid. Well all sizzle if he ever gets back alive to his family. Now hurry, Queen. I want him."

It was then I knew I wouldn't let little Bruce die. No, no, no! That wouldn't bring back my own baby—my Dickie. The mother's suffering wouldn't ease my heart's pain. I couldn't let them murder that sweet, sweet, child. I loved him.

"You can't kill him," I announced firmly to King. "We'll surely fry if we have his murder on our hands. He can go back home and none of us'll be involved—he doesn't know any of our names. Only mine—and 'Queen' doesn't mean anything."

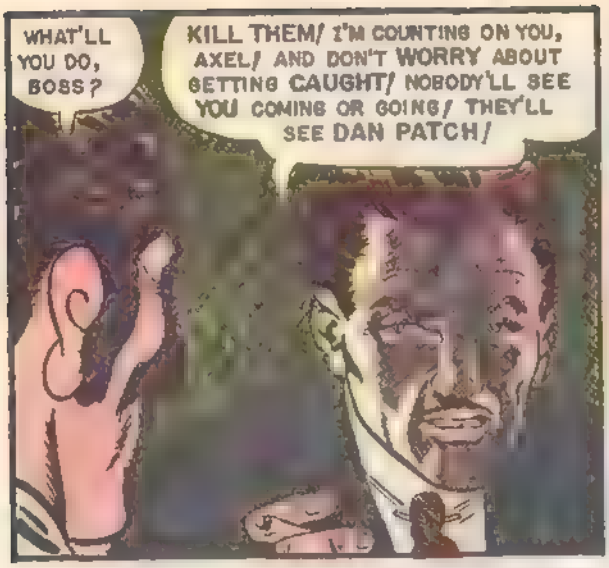
King's eyes narrowed. He saw my determination. I saw his fingers clasp the gun in his pocket. He grabbed Brucie and handed him to Joey who was just outside my door. I heard him snap out orders to take the kid to his apartment till he got there. In a flash I scribbled a message on a sheet of paper and stuck it into my pocket. I took my gun out of my drawer. When King came inside again I leveled it straight at him. "Get that boy back here. I don't want him killed. I'd sooner kill you," I spoke to King between clenched teeth. But King was a fast man with the gun. With lightning quickness he knocked the gun from my hand and pulled the trigger of his own silencer. I blacked out in the midst of excruciating pain in my chest.

When I opened my eyes I knew I was dying. I could see I was sitting in King's car, which he was driving. He stopped and I felt him placing my gun in my fingers. He was trying to make my death look like suicide. When he returned to the wheel I groped in my pocket: my scribbled note was still there, confessing all to the police and telling them where to find Bruce. I felt happy—and I knew the *end* was upon me.

● ● ●

I am Detective Bob Hoyt—the one who broke the notorious kidnapping case, and found little Bruce Graham. I was the one who found the two bodies of the girl leader of the mob; they called her, "Queen", and the man at the wheel, King. The dame seemed to have gone soft on the boy and had a confession in her pocket. That's how we returned the child to his parents. But, funny thing, the gun in her fingers went off after she died—rigor mortis caused a jerk of the trigger—and the dead woman shot the driver, King, in the back. He died instantly.

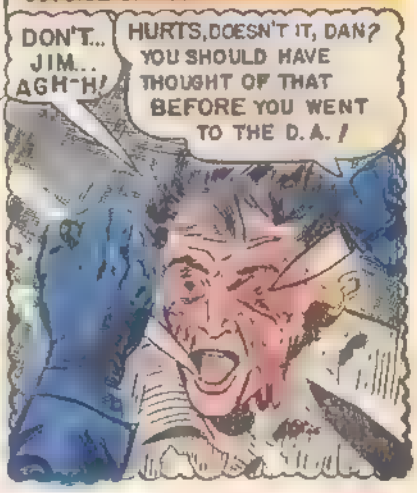
HARDENED KILLERS FELT THE CLAMMY HANDS OF FEAR ON THEIR HEARTS AND THE CHILL OF THE GRAVE IN THEIR BONES WHEN THEIR MUTILATED VICTIM APPEARED TO CLAIM. . .
Death's REVENGE!
G-GET AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE DEAD!
DEAD, BUT NOT BURIED!
A LONG NIGHT IN JIM REARDON'S SWANK APARTMENT... AND BY MORNING HE'D LOST FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO TWO FRIENDS...
BUT AXEL, REARDON'S RIGHT HAND MAN, HADN'T PLAYED! HE HAD WATCHED... AND WHEN THE WINNERS LEFT...
TOUGH LUCK, JIM!
BUT NICE FOR US!
I'M CLEANED OUT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!
THEY TOOK YOU, BOSS! I TRIED TO TIP YOU OFF BUT YOU WOULDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION! THEY FED EACH OTHER CARDS ALL NIGHT!
SO THAT WAS IT! MY PALS! THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!
1.



MEMORIES...

YES, OF A MAN NAMED PATCH WHO HAD GROWN TIRED OF LIVING OUTSIDE THE LAW AND HAD MADE A VISIT TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

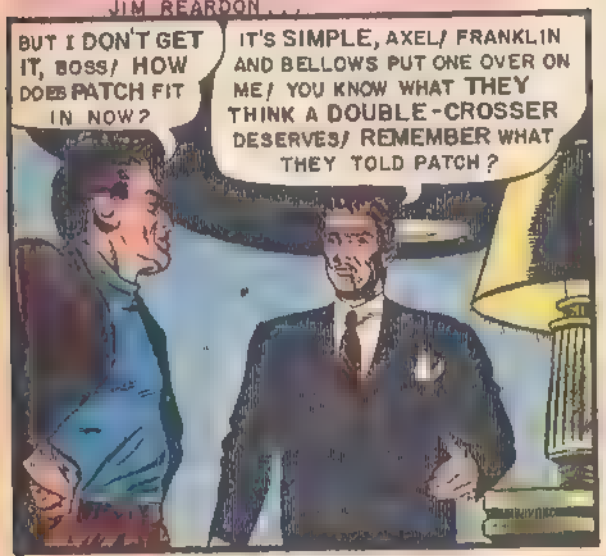
BUT DAN'S FORMER FRIENDS COULD ...AND THEY DID! ON A LONELY LOT OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

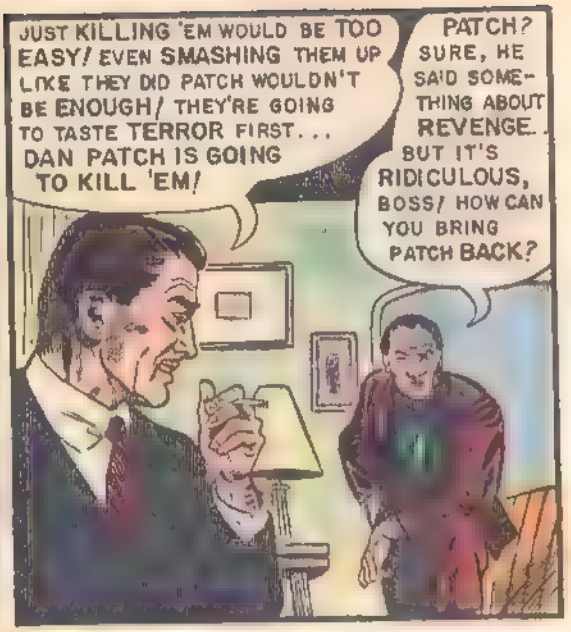


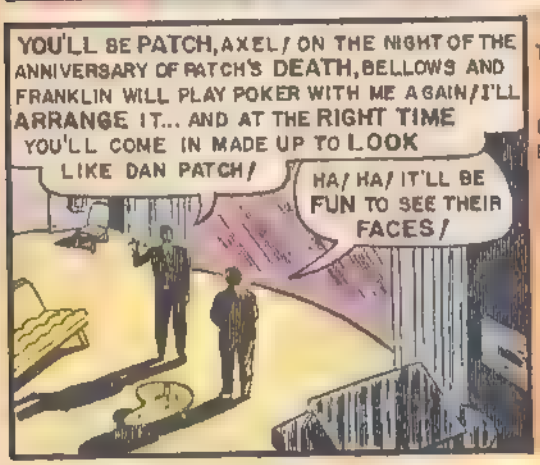
SLOWLY... BRUTALLY, THEY MURDERED HIM... BREAKING HIS BONES... CUTTING AT HIS FLESH... UNTIL WHAT WAS LEFT BARELY LOOKED LIKE A MAN...

THEN AS DEATH MERCIFULLY CAME TO DAN PATCH'S RESCUE...

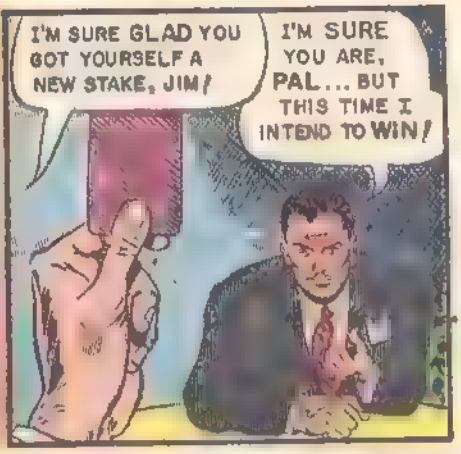
MEMORIES OF A FOUL AND BRUTAL MURDER NOW CAME BACK TO PROD THE SCHEMING BRAIN OF JIM REARDON...







REARDON THREW THE BAIT OF NEWLY ACQUIRED MONEY BEFORE BELLOWS AND FRANKLIN...AND RISING TO IT, THE PAIR INVITED HIM TO PLAY AT THEIR PLACE ON THE NIGHT REARDON HAD CHOSEN...



AS THE GAME PROGRESSED, REARDON BROUGHT UP THE NAME OF DAN PATCH...

AND JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT...

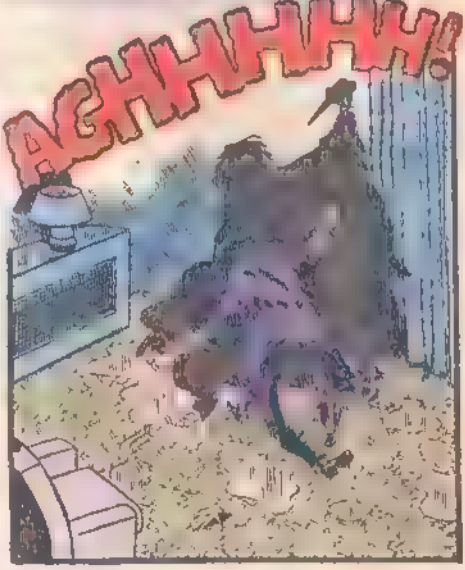
SLOWLY, CALMLY, THE TERRIFYING SPECTRE MOVED TOWARD THE TABLE . . .
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOYS? AREN'T YOU HAPPY TO SEE YOUR OLD PAL! I THOUGHT I'D JOIN YOU IN A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER!
OH... THIS IS NUTS! CRAZY! HE'S DEAD!
SURE, BOYS, I'M DEAD.. BUT I CAN COME BACK...NOW LET'S PLAY POKER!
YEAH, SURE, DAN... SURE!
REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, BELLOWS? REMEMBER WHAT I SAID?
WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SUDDENLY RELENTLESS FINGERS CLOSED AROUND BELLOWS THROAT. . .
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, BELLOWS... SLOWLY...PAINFULLY.. THE WAY I DIED!
JIM...COME ON .. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I MUST BE GOING BATTY!
CRACK!
BUT INSTEAD OF SEEKING ESCAPE, JIM REARDON MANAGED TO KEEP FRANKLIN IN THE ROOM . . .
NO..WAIT.. WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE THIS OUT! MAYBE IT'S OUR IMAGINATION!
HE'S KILLING HIM ...AND THAT'S NOT MY IMAGINATION!
DIE LIKE I DIED... DIE... DIE...
HACK!
SLASH!
AND WHEN BELLOWS LAY LIMP AND BROKEN ON THE FLOOR, IT WAS REARDON WHO PUSHED FRANKLIN INTO THE ARMS OF THE CADAVER . .
AND YOU, FRANKLIN, ARE NEXT!
JIM... WH .. WHAT ARE YOU DOING? NO! LET ME GO!
REARDON GRINNED AS FRANKLIN SCREAMED.. YES, AXEL WAS DOING A GOOD JOB!
PAIN. AND MORE PAIN AND FINALLY DEATH, FRANKLIN!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, FRANKLIN? HOW DO YOU LIKE A DOUBLE CROSSER'S DEATH!
4

AND THEN FRANKLIN, TOO, LAY DEAD...
NICE WORK, AXEL! IT WORKED JUST LIKE WE PLANNED! THOSE MUSCLES OF YOURS REALLY HAD THE STUFF!
AXEL? WHY DO YOU CALL ME AXEL, JIM?
DESPITE HIMSELF, REARDON FELT A STRANGE CHILL TRAVEL UP HIS SPINE...
HA! HA! ALL RIGHT, AXEL, LET'S NOT CARRY THE GAG TOO FAR!
BUT I AM NOT AXEL!
AND IT IS YOUR TURN TO DIE!
CUT IT OUT, AXEL! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? STOP!
BEFORE HE COULD GET OUT OF THE CADAVER'S REACH, A HAND HAD CLOSED AROUND REARDON'S ARM — — — A HAND WITH SUPERHUMAN, UNNATURAL STRENGTH...
FIGHTING DESPERATELY AGAINST THE PAIN... MUSTERING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS WILL, REARDON BROKE AWAY AND MADE FOR THE DOOR...
AXEL, FOR GOD'S SAKE... YOU'RE BREAKING MY ARM!
YES, FIRST ONE... THEN, THE OTHER... JUST AS IT WAS DONE TO ME!
SNAP!
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... GOT TO THINK!
IT MUST BE AXEL... BUT SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM... HE'S GONE GRAZY!
HARD AS HE TRIED TO CONVINCE HIMSELF THAT IT WAS AXEL, GNAWING DOUBT MADE REARDON RETURN TO HIS APARTMENT TO MAKE SURE THAT AXEL WAS NOT THERE...
HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSED ME TOO! IT.. IT COULDN'T BE ANYONE BUT AXEL! GHOSTS... REVENGE... NUTS!
5.

BUT WHEN REARDON ENTERED HIS APARTMENT. .

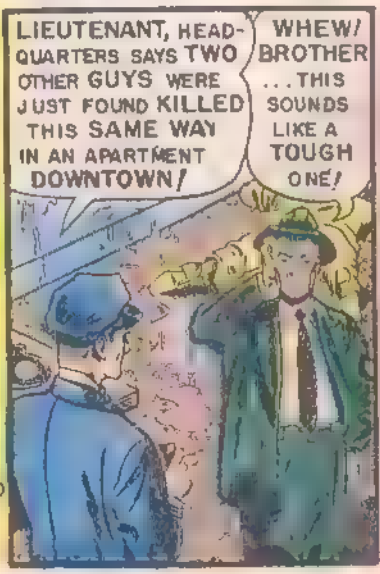
AND BEFORE REARDON COULD FINISH HIS HORRIFYING THOUGHT A VOICE SPOKE BEHIND HIM...

PAIN AND AGONY FILLED JIM REARDON AS THE MAN FROM THE GRAVE DEALT OUT ALL THE ANGUISH HE HIMSELF HAD ONCE KNOWN . . .



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER APARTMENT. .

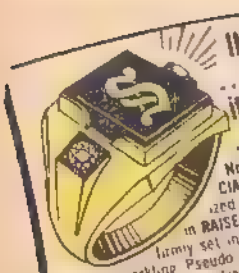
BUT WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THEY FOUND ONLY THE BROKEN BODIES OF AXEL AND REARDON/ HIS REVENGE COMPLETE, THE CORPSE HAD DISAPPEARED !



A TOUGH ONE? AN INSOLUBLE ONE, LIEUTENANT/ MORTAL MAN HAS NO WAY OF DEALING WITH THE VENGEANCE OF A CORPSE ...WITH A NEMESIS FROM THE GRAVE!

The end

Surprise your friends!



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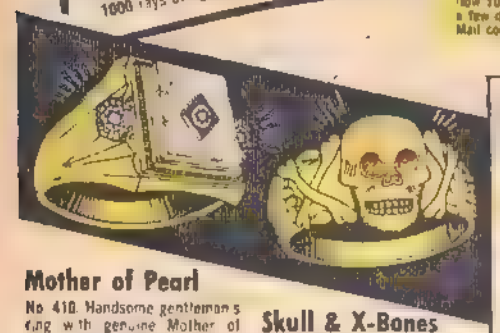

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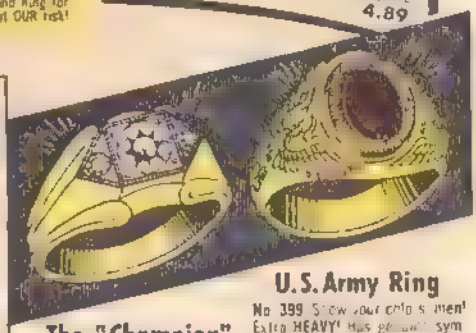

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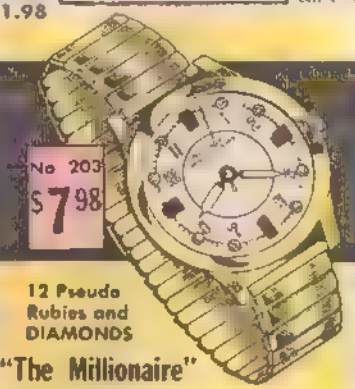
SHOCK RESISTANT WATCH

The STAFF SHOCK ABSORBER built right into this remarkable watch is one the great inventions of this century Saves you time worry aggravation NOW you don't have to take your watch off when playing baseball football tennis! YES bang it hit it even DROP it Actually defies breakage (in fact, we'll send you one on trial for a whole week YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU BREAK IT! Has eight glowing luminous Nos and hands, sweep-second hand unbreakable crystal rich design and FLEXIBLE metal band Don't lose this lifetime opportunity! Order now by No 260 Full price—not 1 cent extra 6.97



No 203 $7.98

12 Pseudo Rubies and DIAMONDS

"The Millionaire" ARISTOCRAT

Add world in smart styling for men! Smart milled-in rubies and diamonds around the dial! Accurate, dependable SWISS movement WHITE GOLD color effect case and matching flexible band Has Sweep Second hand Unbreakable crystal This watch makes a terrific impression everywhere looks like a $100.00 beauty and is very ACCURATE too! We give you 7 full days to try it and compare it with watches selling for much more Your money back GUARANTEED if you aren't 100% satisfied RUSH order now and SAVE! Number 203 Your price, only 7.98

No. 231 $4.95

Sturdy Swiss Watch for

MEN & BOYS Bargain

A dandy looking Swiss watch at a BARGAIN price Regulated and inspected to assure accuracy! Has many quality features found in watches selling for much more America's BIG value! Handsome, rich looking flexible metal band given for satisfaction GUARANTEED or your money back! You risk nothing! So don't miss this terrific bargain! No extras—complete price only 4.95

Order by No 231

No 236 $6.95

The watch with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN"

4 in 1 Stop-Watch **CHRONOGRAPH**

AMAZING ... the watch with the MECHANICAL BRAIN that actually answers your questions on distance and speed It tells you how fast cars, planes and horses go Also measures distance and has sports photography flight ring plus beats etc Besides it's a handsome precision built watch that will astonish everywhere

COMPARE WITH $29.50 WATCHES!

Has 2 PUSH BUTTONS that start and stop movement * Tachometer & Tachometer Dials * Sp second Calibrations * Radium Numbers and hands that glow at night * Unbreakable crystal * Center Sweep hand * Rugged construction for long hard use * Special Metal Flex band Guaranteed and operating instructions given Order by No 236 Sale price complete 6.95

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR SURPRISE GIFT!

A delightful good will gift given with every order! SEND NO MONEY Pay postman low price shown Wear 5 days at our risk MONEY BACK GUARANTEE Full price back if not delighted! In any case the GIFT is yours to keep! Act first

5 DAY TRIAL & GIFT COUPON

U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 153-N-100

127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y

Write NUMBER name & price of articles Pay money to postman on delivery No orders for less! Satisfaction GUARANTEED or full price back quick Send us a paper strip to show ring size

NUMBER	ARTICLE	PRICE

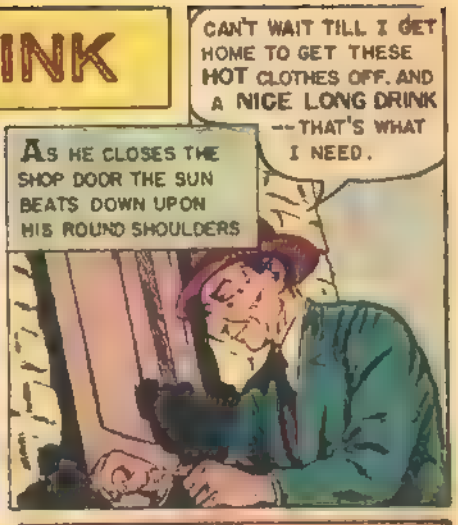
Your NAME _____

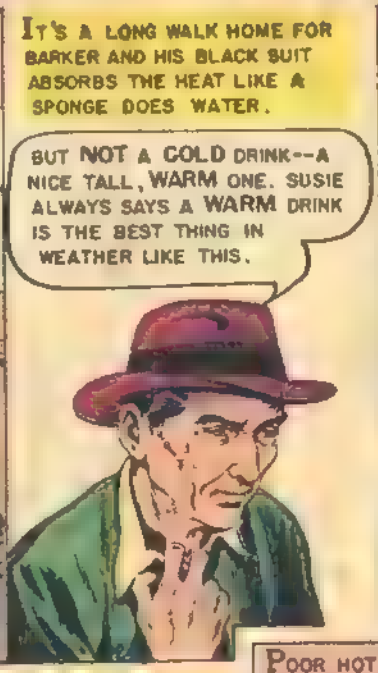
ADDRESS _____

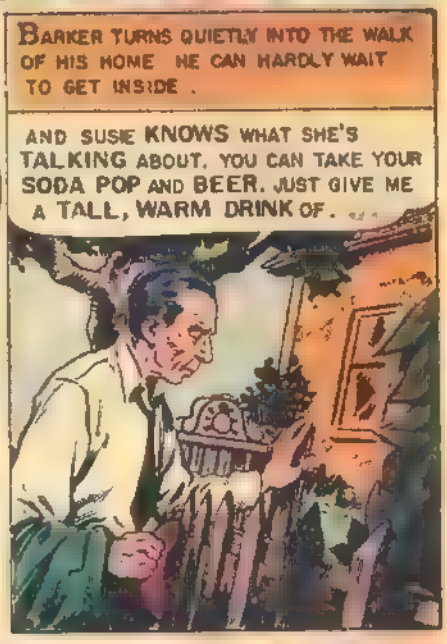
TOWN _____ STATE _____

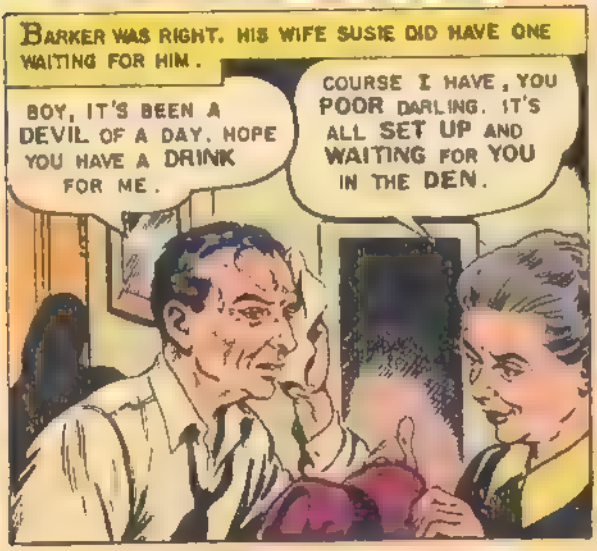
☐ SAVE MORE! Get more — by sending cash or money order with this coupon We pay ALL fees and you get 2 GIFTS instead of only one!

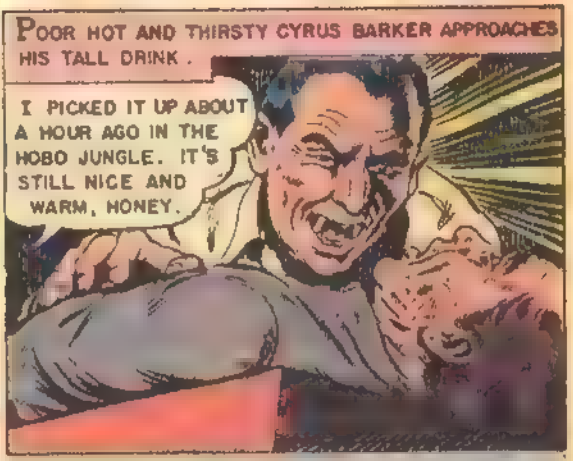
A TALL WARM DRINK











YES, BARKER IS A VAMPIRE—NOT JUST IN SUMMER, BUT ALL YEAR 'ROUND BUT LIKE SUSIE SAYS: ON A HOT DAY YOU CAN'T BEAT A TALL, WARM DRINK

THE END

THE GREAT SCULPTOR HAD EVERYTHING--- WEALTH AND FAME! BUT HOW MANY MEN WOULD HAVE DARED PAY SO HIDEOUS A PRICE FOR SUCCESS? JOHN WEATHERBY THOUGHT HIS SECRET WOULD DIE WITH HIM! BUT NOT EVEN HE COULD HIDE FROM ——— ——— ———

The DEATH Statue

ART CRITICS CALLED JOHN WEATHERBY THE GREATEST SCULPTOR OF HIS TIME! ALREADY, BEFORE HE WAS 40, A PIECE OF SCULPTURE BEARING HIS NAME WAS A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

BUT IT HADN'T ALWAYS BEEN THIS WAY! NOT TOO MANY YEARS AGO...

NOR WAS POVERTY ALL THE STRUGGLING ARTIST HAD TO CONTEND WITH...

THESE ARE SOME EXAMPLES OF MY LATEST WORK, PROFESSOR! I WANT YOUR HONEST OPINION!

I'M SORRY, WEATHERBY. I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU SOME ENCOURAGEMENT BUT IT'S NO USE! YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO TALENT FOR SCULPTURE!

ONLY ONE PERSON SEEMED TO HAVE ANY FAITH IN HIM...

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, MARIAN! AND HE'S CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY!

I DON'T CARE IF HE TAUGHT MICHAELANGELO! HE'S WRONG! AND SOMEDAY YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW HIM! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP ON! I'LL POSE FOR YOU EVERYDAY!

WITH MARIAN TO SPUR HIM ON, WEATHERBY DID KEEP AT IT, BUT HIS WORK STILL DIDN'T SEEM TO IMPROVE...

IT'S NO GOOD, MARIAN. I JUST CAN'T GET ANY LIFE INTO IT! IT'S JUST ANOTHER LOUSY FIGURE! I CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE IT BREATHE!

AND THEN, ONE DAY, DISASTER STRUCK AT WEATHERBY'S SMALL STUDIO...

MARIAN! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

J-JOHN, MY HEART. I--I...

MARIAN CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR! IN VAIN, WEATHERBY TRIED TO REVIVE HER AND HIS TERROR GAVE WAY TO PANIC...

SHE'S DEAD! A... A HEART ATTACK! I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE AND.. B-BUT THEY MIGHT THINK I KILLED HER! OH, GOD, WHAT'LL I DO... GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE!

WEATHERBY LOOKED FRANTICALLY FOR SOME WAY TO DISPOSE OF THE BODY! AND THEN AN IDEA CAME TO HIM ..HE SCOOPED UP HANDFULS OF CLAY AND STARTED MOULDING IT OVER THE DEAD GIRL'S STIFFENING LIMB...

THE GORY TASK WAS FINISHED AN HOUR LATER...

IT'S A PERFECT JOB! NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

FOR DAYS AFTERWARD, WEATHERBY WAS IN A STATE OF SHOCK, UNABLE TO WORK. THEN, ONE DAY, UNEXPECTEDLY...

I WAS PRETTY ROUGH ON YOU, LAST TIME, WEATHERBY/ JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP BY TO SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTING ON/

YOU WERE RIGHT, PROFESSOR/ I JUST HAVEN'T GOT IT/ I'M READY TO CALL IT QUITS/

THEN THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENED/ THE PROFESSOR'S NEXT WORDS WERE DESTINED TO SET IN MOTION A CHAIN OF FATEFUL AND HORRIFYING EVENTS...

NO/ WAIT, WEATHERBY/ I WAS TOO HASTY. THIS IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE BUT...THIS ONE STATUE/ IT IS A GENUINE WORK OF ART/

THE PROFESSOR'S OPINION WAS CONFIRMED BY MATTHEW DILLON, A RICH COLLECTOR AND PATRON OF THE ARTS...

NOT ONLY WILL I BUY THIS STATUE, WEATHERBY, BUT I AM PREPARED TO FINANCE YOUR CAREER/ I WANT YOU TO BE ABLE TO DEVOTE YOUR ENTIRE MIND TO ART/

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, MR. DILLON/

A FEW WORDS OF PRAISE AND ENCOURAGEMENT... THE ONE THING HIS WHOLE BEING HUNGERED FOR/ IT NO LONGER MATTERED THAT HE'D CLAIMED CREDIT UNDER FALSE PRETENCES/ THAT WAS JUST THE BREAK HE NEEDED TO GET STARTED ON HIS OWN/ FULL OF CONFIDENCE, WEATHERBY HIRED A NEW MODEL AND SET TO WORK ANEW...

ALL I NEEDED WAS THAT ONE BREAK/ NOW I'M SET/

BUT IT WAS NO USE/ WEATHERBY'S WORK LACKED THE TRUE CREATIVE SPARK/ SOON, MATTHEW DILLON BEGAN SHOWING SIGNS OF IMPATIENCE AND WEATHERBY KNEW HE COULDN'T STALL HIM MUCH LONGER

MY BOY, I MUST KNOW WHEN THE NEW STATUE WILL BE READY/ I'VE GOT PLANS I MUST GET STARTED ON/

THE END OF THIS WEEK, MR. DILLON/ THAT'S A PROMISE/

NOW HE HAD COMMITTED HIMSELF...THERE WAS NO WAY OUT.

I HAD TO TELL HIM SOMETHING/ I'VE GOT TO DELIVER OR LOSE MY BIG CHANCE/ BUT HOW? I'M NO GOOD/ I'M A FAILURE/ I CAN JUST WORK WITH DEAD BODIES?

AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FRENZY, SOMETHING CLICKED IN WEATHERBY'S MIND/ WHY HADN'T IT OCCURRED TO HIM BEFORE/ THE SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEM WAS THERE AT HAND/ BUT HAD HE THE COURAGE TO...KILL!

MR. WEATHERBY, SHOULD I... MR. WEATHERBY, W-WHAT'S WRONG...WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?

IN DESPERATION, WEATHERBY SEALED HIS FATE/ NOW INSPIRATION WAS UNIMPORTANT / ALL HE NEEDED WAS A DEAD BODY...

NO/ FOR GOD'S SAKE, ... PLEASE...

I'M SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT...

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND / I'M NOT REALLY KILLING YOU / BECAUSE OF ME, YOU WILL LIVE FOREVER / WITHOUT ME, YOU WOULD HAVE LIVED AND DIED UNKNOWN / AS A STATUE, YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR ALL ETERNITY AS A MASTERPIECE / I AM GIVING YOU IMMORTAL LIFE /

THE SCULPTOR WAS READY WHEN DILLON CALLED TWO DAYS LATER...

I COULDN'T WAIT A MOMENT LONGER, MY BOY / I HAD TO SEE IT /

HE'S DONE IT AGAIN, MATTHEW / IF THIS DOESN'T TAKE FIRST PRIZE AT THE PARIS COMPETITION, I'LL EAT IT FROM HEAD TO TOE /

THE PROFESSOR WAS RIGHT / THE STATUE NOT ONLY TOOK FIRST PLACE, IT WAS BOUGHT FOR PERMANENT EXHIBITION BY A MUSEUM / WEATHERBY'S REPUTATION WAS MADE...

MY BOY, YOU'VE JUSTIFIED OUR FAITH /

THESE TELEGRAMS, THEY'RE ALL FOR SPECIAL COMMISSIONS / HERE'S ONE FROM THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY /

DAILY SCOOP

NEW GENIUS ACCLAIMED IN ART WORLD

AFTER YEARS OF POVERTY, WEATHERBY GLORIED IN HIS SUDDEN SUCCESS / THE JOYS OF WEALTH AND FAME WIPED FROM HIS MIND ALL REGRETS OVER THE GRISLY MANNER IN WHICH THEY HAD COME ABOUT / WOMEN IDOLIZED HIM / STUDENTS WORSHIPPED AT HIS FEET...

I'D SIMPLY ADORE TO POSE FOR SUCH A GENIUS /

AND IF YOU EVER DECIDE TO ACCEPT STUDENTS, I HOPE YOU'LL TAKE ME /

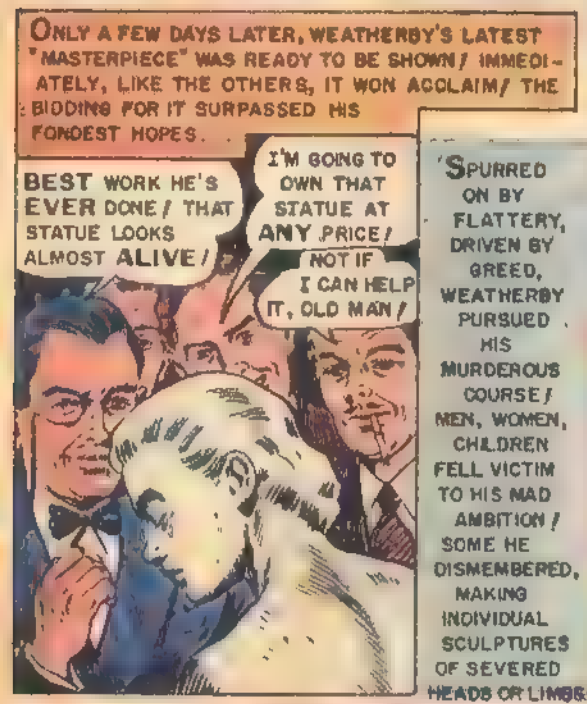
BUT THE DAY CAME WHEN WEATHERBY COULD NO LONGER REST ON HIS LAURELS / THE DEMAND FOR MORE OF HIS WORK WAS TOO GREAT...

I'LL HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN / I'LL HAVE TO GO ON KILLING OR GIVE UP EVERYTHING / I THOUGHT ONCE WOULD BE ENOUGH.. BUT NOW CAN I NEVER STOP /

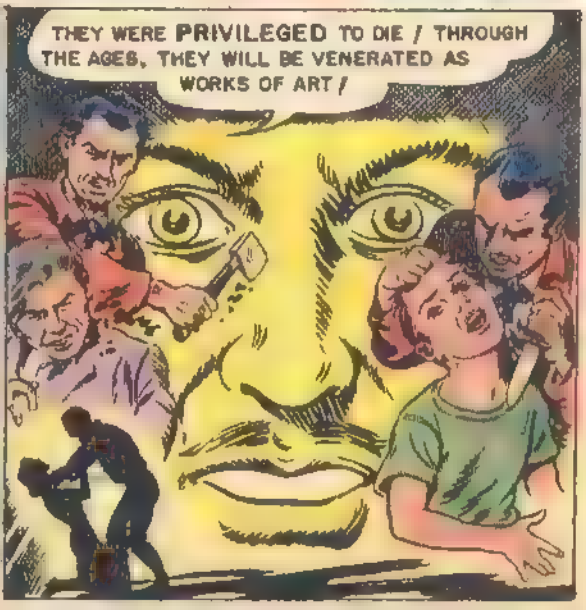
HOUR AFTER HOUR HE PACED THE STREETS, SICK WITH SELF-LOATHING, YET DRIVEN BY AMBITION. THEN, A SCENE IN A DOORWAY MADE HIM PAUSE / A MAN AND GIRL WERE EMBRACING / HE WATCHED THEM KISS AND PART SOON THE MAN DEPARTED.

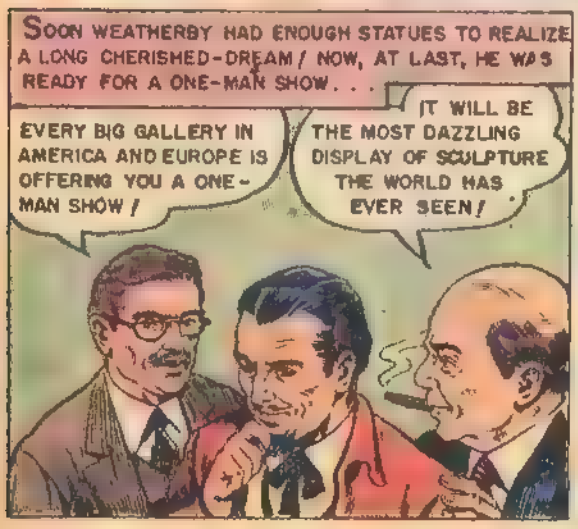
HE HESITATED FOR ONLY AN INSTANT AND THEN WALKED ACROSS THE STREET, MOVING STEATHILY TOWARD THE UN-SUSPECTING GIRL . .

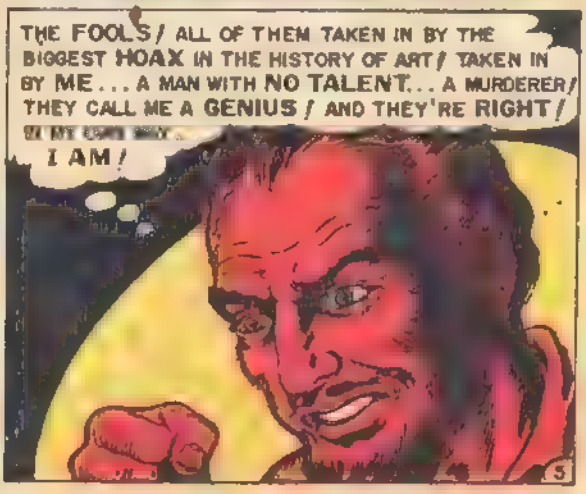
IT WAS LATE AND THE STREETS WERE EMPTY/ THE GIRL DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO EVEN SCREAM. .
DON'T STRUGGLE, MY DEAR / THIS IS FOR ART AND FOR GREAT ART, NO PRICE IS TOO HIGH TO PAY /


ONLY A FEW DAYS LATER, WEATHERBY'S LATEST "MASTERPIECE" WAS READY TO BE SHOWN/ IMMEDIATELY, LIKE THE OTHERS, IT WON ACCLAIM/ THE BIDDING FOR IT SURPASSED HIS FONDEST HOPES. .
BEST WORK HE'S EVER DONE / THAT STATUE LOOKS ALMOST ALIVE /
I'M GOING TO OWN THAT STATUE AT ANY PRICE /
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, OLD MAN /

SPURRED ON BY FLATTERY, DRIVEN BY GREED, WEATHERBY PURSUED HIS MURDEROUS COURSE/ MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN FELL VICTIM TO HIS MAD AMBITION / SOME HE DISMEMBERED, MAKING INDIVIDUAL SCULPTURES OF SEVERED HEADS OR LIMBS


THEY WERE PRIVILEGED TO DIE / THROUGH THE AGES, THEY WILL BE VENERATED AS WORKS OF ART /


SOON WEATHERBY HAD ENOUGH STATUES TO REALIZE A LONG CHERISHED-DREAM / NOW, AT LAST, HE WAS READY FOR A ONE-MAN SHOW. . .
EVERY BIG GALLERY IN AMERICA AND EUROPE IS OFFERING YOU A ONE-MAN SHOW /
IT WILL BE THE MOST DAZZLING DISPLAY OF SCULPTURE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN /


THE FOOLS / ALL OF THEM TAKEN IN BY THE BIGGEST HOAX IN THE HISTORY OF ART / TAKEN IN BY ME . . . A MAN WITH NO TALENT. . . A MURDERER/ THEY CALL ME A GENIUS / AND THEY'RE RIGHT /
I AM /

AS THE DAY FOR THE ONE-MAN SHOW DREW NEAR...
YOU'LL WANT TO ARRANGE THEM YOURSELF, OF COURSE! BUT WON'T YOU NEED HELP?
I THINK I CAN MANAGE! I'D PREFER TO DO IT ALONE!
ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SHOW OPENED, AFTER ALL THE STATUES WERE IN PLACE...
MY FRIENDS! MY DEAR FRIENDS! I OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU! IN MY HOUR OF TRIUMPH, I WISH TO ACKNOWLEDGE MY DEBT!
HE WALKED FROM STATUE TO STATUE...PAYING MOCK TRIBUTE TO THE LIFELESS FORMS...
YOU HAVE BEEN REPAID FOR THE MERE LOSS OF YOUR LIVES. LONG AFTER I AM DEAD, YOU WILL STILL LIVE! AS HUMAN BEINGS, YOU WERE OF NO CONSEQUENCE! AS SCULPTURE YOU HAVE ATTAINED ENDURING FAME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER WEATHERBY TURNED AND STARTED TO WALK FROM THE GALLERY...
GOOD NIGHT, MY FRIENDS!
WHO'S THERE? W-WHAT THE...UAHH — AGHRR!
NO! NO! MY GOD...IT CAN'T BE! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME! EGHHRR! S-STOP..UAGHHRR!
HIS BODY WAS FOUND THE NEXT MORNING...
POOR DEVIL! SOMEBODY REALLY MADE MINCEMEAT OUT OF HIM!
LOOKS LIKE HE PUT UP A TERRIFIC FIGHT! FUNNY NONE OF THE STATUES GOT BROKEN! I DON'T GET IT! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
AND YOU, DEAR READER, DO YOU GET IT? CAN STATUES COME ALIVE AND KILL? HMNNNN?
THE END

"With God All Things Are Possible!"

Dear Friend:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?

Are You Worried About Your Health?

Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?

Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?

Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?

Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or Discouraged?

Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?

IF you have any of these *PROBLEMS*, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful news . . . news of a thrilling *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* that is helping men and women everywhere to meet the *PROBLEMS* of their lives more happily, triumphantly and successfully than ever before!

And this *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* can just as surely bring a whole new world of happiness and joy to *YOU!*

Founded upon a modern psychological interpretation of the Scriptures, this *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* is designed to bring the love and power of God into your daily life in a more real and direct way than you have ever known.

To bring you the glorious Wisdom and Beauty of the Bible we all love so well, and to help you apply in a practical way the Teachings of Jesus Christ so that the *ABUNDANT LIFE*—of health, happiness and prosperity which He promised can really be yours!

It doesn't matter what part *PRAYER* has had in your life up until now!

If you are one for whom *PRAYER* has always been a glorious blessing—then this *NEW WAY* will make *PRAYER* even more wonderful and blessed for you!

Or, if you have turned to *PRAYER* only once in a while in the past—if sometimes you have felt you just couldn't make God hear you—then this *NEW WAY* may open a whole new world of *FAITH* and *SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING* for you. You will find God's *LOVE* and *POWER* coming right into your daily life in a more real and direct way than ever before!

GOD LOVES YOU!

He wants you to be happy! He wants to help you! So don't wait, dear friend! Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy *IN ANY WAY*—please, please clip the handy coupon now and mail with 10c stamps or coin so we can send you *FULL INFORMATION* by *AIR MAIL* about this wonderful *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* which is helping so many, many others and may just as surely and quickly help *YOU!*

The reason we are so *sure* we can help you is that, *for more than ten years*, we have been helping other men and women just like you to live closer to God—to be happier and more successful! We know this because we get wonderful, wonderful letters like these *in almost every mail!*

"The dark clouds have rolled away and the sun of Christ has come in"!—H.D., Balt., Md.

"I believe you have a heaven sent message for everyone"!
—Mrs. D.W., Me.

"What a comfort, what a blessing, what a help your Prayers are"!—Mr. C.S.M., Ala.

"More prosperity and happiness in our home than the whole twenty years before"!—Myrtle P., Merryville, La.

"You have taught me to pray and it's been the happiest time of my life"!—Viola G., Homer, Ill.

"I feel better than in years and the Doctor said he never saw the like"!—A.B., Augusta, Ga.

"God is daily showering His blessings on me"!
—Augusta E., Ill.

"I sincerely believe God directed me to you"!—Mrs. A.S., Wisc.

Receiving wonderful letters like these makes us very happy, and it would make us very happy to help you! But we can't begin until you send us the coupon below.

So, don't wait, dear friend! If you have *PROBLEMS* of any kind—if you would like to live a *MORE ABUNDANT LIFE*—of *BETTER HEALTH, GREATER PROSPERITY, TRUE HAPPINESS*—please, please don't let another minute slip by! Clip and mail the coupon now, so we can send you our wonderful *NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL!* We promise you—you will bless this day!

Your friends who want to help you in

LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP

Just Clip and Mail This Coupon Now!

You Will Surely Bless This Day!

Life-Study Fellowship, Box 2207, *Norwalk, Conn.*

Dear Friends:

Please send me your wonderful *NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL!* Enclosed is 10c in stamps or coin. Thank you!

(Please Print Clearly)

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

NEW! 1953 "Space Commander"

VIBRO-MATIC WALKIE-TALKIES

2 PHONES ONLY $1

2 WAY
SENDS! RECEIVES!
VOICE - SONGS - MUSIC

Thrills & Fun Galore!

If by some magical means you could talk with your neighbor and friends—without electric wires, without batteries or electric current, wouldn't you pay $100 or more? Well you can do just that and the entire cost to you is only ONE DOLLAR for TWO "Space Commander" Walkie-Talkies. Not just a toy—but an amazing communication system. NOW you can talk back and forth from house to garden, between rooms, between your house and your friends'. How thrilling to "speak thru space"!

Works like Magic . . . Guaranteed!

This latest, newest 1953 model is a well made product of the world's largest manufacturer of Walkie-Talkies. Uses highly sensitive Vibrometic design. Each phone is self-contained and sends as well as receives messages, songs, music, etc. which travel over the conductor line for hundreds of feet, clear and distinct. Requires no license. Will not interfere with radio reception. Works equally well indoors or out.

Endless Fun . . . Educational!

This new 2-WAY WalkieTalkie System provides endless fun for the entire family, for boys and girls and adults too! Inspirational. Helps overcome shyness, aids voice training. Real "Space Planet" design in handsome colors. Hard to break. They're rugged!

5 Day Trial — Money Back Guarantee.

Send only one dollar, cash, check or money order and your Walkie-Talkies will be shipped on 5 day home trial—instantly! Easy to use directions—even a 5-year-old child can do it! Enjoy them with your family and friends for 5 whole days free of any obligation to keep them . . . entirely at our risk! If you're not thrilled and satisfied in every way your dollar comes right back! Supply limited! Rush order now! Don't lose this big bargain! Mail coupon TODAY!

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 153-N-28
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

SPECIAL!

$1 2 PHONES COMPLETE

Rush this MONEY-SAVING COUPON

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 153-N-28
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

RUSH a complete set of SPACE COMMANDER WALKIE-TALKIES on 5 DAY TRIAL, post-paid. I enclose only $1.00 for the complete set of 2 phones and directions. If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, you are to send back my dollar with no questions asked.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

☐ CHECK here if you wish order sent C.O.D. You pay $1.00 AND 35 cents postage on delivery.

CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA CHEWING GUM! REDUCE

Up to 5 lbs. a Week With Dr. Phillips Plan

Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends—without starving—without missing a single meal! Here for you *Now*—a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish—or *you pay nothing!* No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The Amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow—simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new modern way to reduce—To acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an improved slimmer, exciting more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexitol, *reduces* appetite and is sugar free. Hexitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

$1 12 DAY SUPPLY ONLY

Money-Back Guarantee! 10 Day Free Trial!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have lost weight and look slimmer you pay nothing.

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., Dept. CH-946, 318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and $1.00 cash, check or money-order. You will receive a 12 day supply of KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM (improved Formula), and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan postage prepaid.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

STATE..... CITY.....

☐ **Send me Special 24 day supply and FREE 12 day package for $2.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.**

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

New Styles Demand Smooth, Flat Tummy

Amazing New French Undergarment Girdle Makes You Look Your Best in New Fashions

MOST FLATTERING TUMMY CONTROL EVER CREATED

Wear TUMMY-TRIM **with** or **without** a girdle. TUMMY-TRIM is an entirely new kind of lightweight girdle. Its extra FLATTENING pressure is due to the criss-cross design plus a new strength elastic that s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s and adjusts automatically to shape your figure. Solid comfort! Better, more healthful posture! Exquisitely made! TUMMY-TRIM will actually improve your figure instantly and continue to better it day by day. The lacy trim completes its all-feminine picture. The four extra-length detachable adjustable garters are scientifically placed for comfort and to glamourize your legs.

Old fashioned girdles spoil your figure instead of improving it. Note how the "bulge" pokes out instead of being flat and graceful. No excuse now because TUMMY-TRIM holds you in.

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